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FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Whence came they first? On what fair more,
The fairest places of earth to adorn,
Did their beauty burst, was their fragrance born?
Oh, earth accursed, of its curse was born
When the flowers came—
Its lily's pride and the rose aflame,
And all the glorious host, known by whatever name.

Did Nature find, in her idle hours
(If Nature ever knew idleness),
A rare, sweet task in making the flowers
The earth to deck and man to bless?
Or are they the tangible, outward expression
Of things beyond and apart from earth—
The soul in the eye that shine in succession,
Through flowers that clasp the world in a girth;
Tender and purity finding expression
Through flowers that gladden earth?
Ah, sweet emblems! The lady can pass as a miss,
Guiltless of all as God's reason for its birth!
We know, alas! the flowers in Genesis enchanted
Ages ago the flowers in Genesis
Ages ago, by good serpent spoiled,
The air of Eden their sweet perfumes
They were sky and sun, cheek, lip and flame;
They were sweet, they were wise as the serpent,
They were tame;
But robes are robes ever the same,
And, though bearing many a quaint, old name,
To some one charm all flowers have,
To comfort the weary and soothe the sad.

Now, after the memories recall
That charm in their as of old lay,
Who has not marked some one flower
By a faded rose than still has power
To hidden depths of the soul to sway?
Its sweety odor brings back again
The old, old pleasure, the old, old pain,
A grave letter is such a flower
Oh the velvium or velvet leaf or lily,
And nothing on earth shall have the power
To cast it out except Death's knife.

Roses are roses ever the same,
So little it matters it known by what name.
We do not live to call them over,
Maiden lily or matrice rose,
Nor shall the humblest one that grows
Fail of sunshine or of love.
To me the common flowers are best
This have to Faith sense
The flowers that are not overdressed
Like those whose hot lips have pressed
Lovers' lips to hide their shame.
I love the violet, modest, true,
Hiding its sweet perfume, and dear I prize
The violet, hidden, shy, true,
With hint of heaven, hinting of love.
Even the sunflower, rightly seen,
Is his religion, rightly worn,
Is fit for the canopy of a queen!

Roses are roses ever the same,
Not one can will fade, and others will bloom;
Death will quench their red heart's flame,
Death only will die, as nature's law ordains;
And they will die, as nature's law ordains they came,
This is the sadness that comes to me
Than the flowers are fading their bright leaves fall,
And only a withered stem, with a few
Like blighted hopes that have blossomed in vain.

Yet not in vain have blooded these flowers
In the sick man's room. They brighten the hours
Of weary pain, and drive away
The gaunt, grim, and grisly spectre of Death and Decay.
Yet not in vain—for symbols of death
That these sweet mimicking of death
To much how pleasant it is to die
Their soul breathe out, though their lips be dumb,
And the lily white and the rose blood red
Speaking fragrance which they shed!

THE PARISIAN SENSATION!

THE BLONDE SIREN:

A LIFE DRAMA.

BY XAVIER DE MONTEPIN.

[Translated and adapted for the original in "La Figaro" of Paris
[illegible] NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[illegible] PAUL
[illegible] DAUGHTERS OF NANCEY.
[illegible] ROSEBOURG.

[illegible] CHAPTER XXX.—HUSBAND AND LOVER.

[illegible] satisfied with me?" [illegible]
[illegible] instead of possessing his nar-
[illegible] Count finds that I have promptly
[illegible] attended to things?"
[illegible] hundred times, yes!" exclaimed
[illegible] your thousand times—they
[illegible] But hasten! I am dying with
[illegible]

[illegible] replied the young German,
[illegible] and resuming his narration.
[illegible] in fact, very little happened
[illegible] nothing—only a dressing-
[illegible] commanded to the hotel all the
[illegible] French dressmakers to be
[illegible] and likewise a trunkmaker, but
[illegible] The lady made large pur-
[illegible] a deal of money. Hence she
[illegible] you like a real bride—yes, sir."
[illegible] "I understand—go on."
[illegible] thing more, sir."
[illegible] right—what should you know?
[illegible] me there."

[illegible] where you gleaned this in-
[illegible] hotel where these travelers put
[illegible]

[illegible] man and lady have gone. This
[illegible] o'clock, the hotel-omnibus took
[illegible] railroad-depot—with real baggage
[illegible]

[illegible] exclaimed Paul, twisting his hands
[illegible] terrible fit of rage. "Thus they have
[illegible] again. Gone!" he repeated, "and
[illegible] sir. Thinking that this detail might
[illegible] I remember, I went as far as the railway-
[illegible] I have a friend employed there. I made
[illegible] The clerk gentleman and blonde
[illegible] took a coupe for themselves all alone.
[illegible] went to Hombourg, near Frankfort. You
[illegible] it, well, sir—this is a lucky gamble. Ah! it
[illegible] a well-known place—and pretty, too, etc—
[illegible] they pay through the nose, as they say at
[illegible]

[illegible] Gregory takes Blanche to Hombourg, a city
[illegible] of gaming? Then he has made no
[illegible] of rapidly crossing Germany, and of
[illegible] pouting boundless space between him and the
[illegible] he wishes to place between them."

[illegible] Nancey said thus to himself, and felt almost consoled by the absolute certainty of the fugitives being unable to escape him much longer. This comparative calmness did not, however, prevent of procrastinating vengeance for a single day. How many unforeseen incidents can happen within a single day!

"What time did the train start?" asked the Count.

"Monsieur will rest here to-night?" hazarded the waiter. "It will do him good; for truly he does not look overwell."

Paul made a demonstration of impatience.

"Monsieur desires to go to Hombourg?" resumed the obsequious Fenton, from whom the Count's gestures took all desire for insistance.

"Yes—to Hombourg."

"I will run to consult the indicator, so that you will know precisely and return *illico*, as they say at Paris."

The waiter reappeared almost immediately.

"A train will leave in forty minutes," was the servant's information, "and if monsieur will be ready——"

"I am ready. My bill and a carriage—quick!"

"The hotel-omnibus will take monsieur to the depot. *Bonhof*, as they say in German."

The physical phenomenon of inevitable sleep, resulting from fatigue, whatever were the determination, was reproduced almost upon entering the railway-carriage. Scarcely had De Nancey dropped into a corner-seat than he fell into a stupor, broken only upon the arrival of the train at Frankfort.

The short run from Frankfort to Hombourg was accomplished in an hour and a half. It was past midnight when the Count arrived at one of the large hotels fronting the Curssal. No longer was heard the metallizing of golden coin shaken by the croupier's rake, nor the strains of an orchestra directed by Johann Strauss.

"Will the gentleman sup?" inquired the waiter, lighting the candles in Paul's chamber. He shook his head as a negative. "Does the gentleman desire a visit from the physician of our establishment?"

"Why ask such a question?"

"Because the gentleman appears ill."

"Fatigued, that's all."

"I will cause the gentleman's trunks to be brought to his room, and he can go to bed."

And the waiter went out. Paul, standing before the chimney-piece, mechanically glanced at his image, illuminated by the candle-flames. He was affrighted. His face was no longer that of a living being, but of a ghost. His beard, unshaven for three days, browned the contour of his cheeks. A terrible paleness pervaded the rest of his face. A dark furrow crossed his forehead. The fire of his eyes seemed extinct. His lips were white. The most expert physiognomist could not detect in this criminal a man's age behind this sinister mask. Marguerite had been fully avenged!

The waiter returned, accompanied by a porter, carrying Paul's valise, pistol-case and swords in their leathern covering.

"The gentleman was fortunate in arriving to-night," he said; "a little later and he would have found no lodging, especially at this hotel, the best in town. This season is overaccessible. Strangers are flowing in, all of the highest distinction. We send to-morrow to the *Gazette de Hombourg* a brilliant list, in which the gentleman would, doubtless, like to see his name. I may mention, among other notabilities, a remarkable Russian couple, only installed in this hotel a few hours. The lady can pass as a miracle of beauty. The husband went to the Curssal immediately upon landing from the care, and made his bankroll through winning one hundred thousand francs! Everybody is talking about him to-night. Ah! wonderful player!—a player the like of whom has never been seen among us since the famous Garcia, of whom the gentleman has certainly heard mention."

A sort of nervous shudder ran over Paul's lips and hands.

"What is the name of this Russian gambler?" he inquired, his voice tempered by emotion.

"Count Lodanoff," answered the waiter. "I myself inscribed his name upon our books from his passport. He comes from Paris with the Countess; but, sir, what has happened? You are ill?"

"Not at all. I repeat, fatigue."

"I retire to let the gentleman sleep."

"One moment. The Count Lodanoff inhabits this hotel?"

"Yes, sir—on the same floor with the gentleman—room No. 21, at end of corridor. May I inform his highness to-morrow that a person of his acquaintance arrived to-night?"

"In no wise. I do not know the Count."

"The gentleman would be pleased, I think, to have me take charge of his passport?"

"Yes; to-morrow—adieu. Go!"

"I have the honor of wishing the gentleman good-night."

The waiter retired.

That taking place within Paul's brain upon being alone was assuredly more easily to be imagined than described. Blanche Lizaly, Countess of Nancey, his wife—she whom he had loved to frenzy, and one to crime—she whom he still loved cravenly, even to madness, was near unto him, in the chamber of a lover. To enjoy the pregnant gratification of summary vengeance, who prevented? The length of a corridor, the burst-ing-in of a door whose number he knew; then to enter, hurst firm, hand ready, and to execute justice. It is, to re-enact the drama of the Place Vintimille.

De Nancey took his revolver in his right hand, opened the door, seized a light with his left hand, and darted into the corridor. He did not proceed far. A sudden reflection abruptly stopped him.

"No," soliloquized he, returning slowly, with downcast head. "To slay him in this manner would be a mean revenge. He would die before suffering! I will hold this man at the point of my sword—and, without twinging flesh, cleave his palpitating heart, see his life ooze out in a few drops of blood, drop by drop. He shall know himself upon the brink of death, and I will insult him in the intensity of his agony!"

Then Paul lowered his voice to an inaudible whisper:

"Blanche is guilty—is infamous; still, I will not to die. Whence can I [illegible] face to strike her down? I [illegible] summon courage those divine eyes? [illegible] to extinguish pity, but Blanche! [illegible] cannot. Alas! I feel it too well! Everything is possible save that—you, everything, even forgiveness. Who knows? A generous pardon may bring her back."

De Nancey re-entered his room, closed his door, and passed the remainder of the night a prey to agitation in a feverish, almost delirious condition. Daylight appeared. Paul had recumbent calmness, proportionately as approached the time for action. He looked at himself in the glass, as he had a few moments subsequently to his arrival, and found himself hideous.

"I am frightful!" he said to himself. "A gentleman cannot go on the ground with this bandit-apparition! Whether I kill or am killed, I shall be a gentleman to the last. Moreover, should she see me thus, I will horrify her."

De Nancey made his toilet. He commanded the hotel-barber, caused himself to be shaved, opened his valise, and dressed himself in a costume in ordinary wear at Paris for his early morning-ride. His pains and this toilet could not prevent his reflection from his sunken eyes or his blanched lips; nevertheless, they operated a considerable transformation. Did he preserve the appearance of a corpse or a madman, it was that of a dying gentleman.

It struck ten in the Curssal. Paul pulled on his gloves, emerged from his room, and with a firm step moved towards the extremity of the corridor.

CHAPTER XXX.—HUSBAND AND LOVER.

At the moment De Nancey had his hand of the door lettered No. 21, his heart beat with tumultuous throbs. Serious noises resounded in his ears, and fantastic lights danced before his eyes. He was about to knock, when he perceived the key in the lock on the outside. He opens it, and found himself in an antechamber conducting to two other rooms composing the suite—a parlor and the bedchamber. Upon the left, Paul hesitated between the two doors in uncertainty, when the sound of a piano determined him to advance, and he placed his hand upon the knob of the right-hand door.

"Who is there?" asked from the inside Gregory's voice.

Monsieur De Nancey did not understand this question. Could the servant have indulged in pleasantry imagining the visitor to be a hotel-waiter; but he divined the meaning, and replied, while opening the door abruptly:

"Pardon! it is I! You did not expect me?"

At the instant when the Count, as terrible as Banquo's ghost, appeared upon the threshold of this commonplace parlor, the wife, wrapped in a morning-robe, in most negligee, Heaven's blue floating over her shoulders, was playing on the piano.

Gregory was writing, seated at a little table, upon which could be seen, amid papers in disorder, a brace of pistols and a sword. The Prince and the Countess simultaneously turned their heads, and, recognizing De Nancey, comprehended that some terrible deed was about to be enacted. The Wallachian arose, paler than usual, and, perhaps, he remembered the tragedy of the Place Vintimille.

"He will kill us," thought she, and, obedient to the instinct which, in the extinguishing one, female hearts, she threw herself in front of Gregory, desiring to make a bucklER of her body. As Marguerite had vainly endeavored to save Rene.

"Madame, be not afraid!" said the Count, with a strange laugh, fearful to hear. "You plainly see that my hands are empty."

The Prince manifested no surprise at passed, Gregory assumed a bold demeanor.

"I pray you, Blanche, stand aside," quoth he, gently repelling the Countess. "This is a serious business, to be settled among men."

Then in a more elevated voice he addressed Paul:

"I understand what you expect of me, sir."

"You understand, sir?" said the Count, with the self-same ominous chuckle. "That is indeed fortunate."

"I need not add that I am at your orders," continued the Wallachian.

"I come upon it thoroughly," said De Nancey in a deep tone, while walking to Gregory. "Still, all your blood will not suffice to wash on the stain you have placed upon my honor, and I desire, before killing you, to return insult for insult."

Pronouncing these words, Paul raised his right hand, and with lightning rapidity smote the Wallachian upon both cheeks. Blanche uttered a cry of horror, and Gregory one of rage. He bounded to the little table at which he had been writing, took a pistol, cocked it, and pointed the barrel towards De Nancey. The latter had drawn a revolver, and already aimed it at the Prince's breast.

"Ah! as you will!" quoth he, "Kill each other immediately—have at you! I consent willingly. It would prove a rich treat for madame, and would doubtless please her."

Gregory wished to kill, but not to be killed. Did he fire, the Count would at least make a return—an uncertain business, did he not fall stone-dead. Balls discharged point-blank rarely spare, and Gregory felt himself lost. This unfortunate logic calmed suddenly the Prince's fury. He allowed his pistol to fall upon the table whence he had taken it, and the Count, at the same time, cast his revolver to disappear.

Expert in advantages, Gregory already congratulated himself upon the blows he had received, as they placed—as he at least imagined—another trump-card in his hand.

"You have changed the situation, Count," he said in a hissy, hissing tone of voice. "I now am the insulted party, and have choice of arms."

"It is indifferent to me."

"I select swords."

"Be it so. Have you yours?"

"No."

"I have mine—do you accept them?"

"I do. When do we fight?"

"In an hour."

"It is well," quoth Gregory, "and I trust to chance for my seconds. Oh, the first-comers, and I go with you."

"Of what use seconds?" sharply returned the Count. "Are we in that normal condition wherein conventionalities assume the force of law? The combat will be mortal—at least for one. That is all that is wanted. Who will meet himself out of the way to-morrow? when finding the corpse of an unknown man? No one here knows my name, and you do not bear your own. Should justice in this country prove sensitive and endeavor to prosecute, whom will it pursue? The murderer will be that foreigner afar. No, no, no seconds. Do you consent?"

"Willingly."

"It only remains to designate the field."

"Select it yourself."

"I am at Hombourg for the first time, and am unacquainted.

"The suburbs of the town are familiar to me. I can instruct you."

"Then do so."

"I know a quarter of a league hence, of a small wood, little frequented by pedestrians. Within the wood exists a clearing, convenient for a hostile meeting. I have already fought there. We will not be disturbed, and I doubt if a better spot can be found."

"I appreciate the way, then."

The directions were most simple. Gregory traced upon a sheet of letter-paper a sort of map, by means of which De Nancey could not go astray.

"It is well," said the Count upon leaving. "In an hour I expect you at the border of the wood."

"I will not keep you waiting," replied the Wallachian.

Blanche, her countenance more pale than that of a statue, had listened, mute and motionless, to the extraordinary interview. She approached her lover as soon as the door closed upon Paul, leaned both her hands upon his shoulders, and, fixing her beaming eyes fully upon those of Gregory, said, in a singular tone, in no wise resembling her habitual voice:

"You will kill that man, will you not?"

"Yes," coolly replied the Wallachian, touching with his finger the cheeks on which the Count's hand had left a scarlet impression. "Yes, I will kill him!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Pardien!"

"Are those pistols charged?"

"Yes. Why ask the question?"

"Should misfortune happen you, and that man remain alive, I will do that which you left undone. I will take care of that."

And Blanche, taking one of the weapons, slipped it beneath the folds of her dressing-gown.

"Ah! you are a true woman of a savage land, my dearest Blanche!" responded the Prince with a smile—"a woman courageous in love, deadly in hate! But the Count will not have the honor of dying by your delicate hand. By me will his blood be shed."

"Who can say?" murmured the Countess, shaking her blonde locks, while an ominous light flashed from her eyes.

De Nancey, returned to his room, felt with terror that his physical over did not correspond to the requirements of his manly determination, and that he inane, so thoroughly overtasked for the past few days, was about to betray him at the very moment when the fullness of his strength scarcely sufficed him to cope in combat with an adversary of Gregory's metal. The Count could not think at that point of employing bodily nutriments, repulsive to a contracted stomach. He resolved upon gaining a fictitious strength through a resort to stimulating spirits, and ordered to be served with a bottle of rum. After having drained in succession two or three glasses of its contents, he felt himself singularly reanimated, and, taking with him his rapiers and small-swords in their leathern cases, he quitted the hotel, gazed around him, left the town, and directed his footsteps towards the little wood wherein the hostile meeting was to occur.

The morning was splendid. The sun, at intervals veiled by vapory clouds, inundated with gladness the pastures, the fields, the woods, the verdure of the Gamester's Paradise. The stimulating odor of new-mown grass pervaded the atmosphere, beneath the influence of which heavy-limned Fritz unplatonically clasped the buxom waist of Gretchen with the straw-colored hair. Here and there more refined couples, still no less in love, passed slowly, hand in hand, towards the sylvan retreats, and Paul observed all of these things, and soliloquized:

"Thus it is true! Beneath this magnificent sky, amid these balmy fields, there are men loving and beloved, who love and are not betrayed, who love and are not abandoned! Happy are they, happy! happy!"

The infatuated man had forgotten Marguerite, chaste virgin, foully betrayed by him, abandoned by him, slain by him! He remembered not that into his hands had been committed baptismal water, in most pure, Heaven's bounty accorded to mortal being, and that he brought into this world two orphans. The sun was a blind idiot! He invoked to his aid the descent of thunder, and when came the bolt, cursed the heavens for having cut him to the Count through parrying his thrusts, without making an assault. To fatigue the Count! Also! too easy work.

A few moments had scarcely elapsed after commencement of the combat before De Nancey materially weakened beneath the sword of his adversary, and the glare—the implacable glare—of Blanche weighing him down in intensity of hate. Soon the muscles of his sword-arm relaxed; his hand no longer obeyed his will; his ears resounded with singular noises, and before his eyes danced those sparkling scintillations, as in the morning, when pressing himself to open Gregory's chamber-door.

The moment awaited by the Wallachian arrived. Nothing prevented his heartstroke upon the dire the stamp of assassination. He did so. The secret threat, so laboriously communicated to Cleveland, came into play. The deployed arm of Gregory, firm and supple as a steel spring, suddenly straightened. The sword point struck Paul full in the breast, and emerged on the other side of his body above the shoulder. The Count dropped his weapon without the emission of a groan, tottered and fell upon his back, his eyes open and his arms crossed.

The Wallachian placed his hand upon the breast of the inanimate body, and, turning to Blanche, said:

"Countess, you are a widow!"

The woman descended with a bound the grass-covered, slanting side of the hillock, upon which she had remained a breathless witness of a murder thus calmly planned and deliberately executed.

"Are you quite certain that he has ceased to live?" inquired she of her lover.

"Yes, most certain—as heart no longer beats. I know myself when I say it. You are free!"

"Free and avenged!" murmured the Countess, with an indescribable intonation. "And I owe this to you, Gregory. I shall not forget that."

The Prince resumed his garments with an ease, a grace, as if the most trivial incident imaginable had taken place. Upon finishing he addressed:

"Madame, never, it strikes me, that, when an unknown dead body is discovered, his name should be revealed. Your husband should have about him a passport, some visiting-cards, and other papers of the same. I will do well to appropriate, while speaking, the Wallachian, having picked up the Count's coat, searching his pockets, and was not long in discovering a well-filled pocket-book, whence he extracted the bank-bills, unseen by the Countess, with the dexterity of a professional prestidigitateur.

"Here is a passport," he continued, examining some papers, "and a rumpled sheet—three lines only—Your handwriting, my dear. He read aloud: 'I cannot remain near Nancey has the honor of informing you of her departure with Prince Gregory S——. You apprised him—an original idea, very! Still I scarcely understand it.'

"It is a reply to that!" replied Blanche, taking the letter, and showing to Gregory the three printed lines on the first page, the cause of so many sorrows. "And now," she added, tearing the fatal missive into fragments and scattering them to the winds, "are our accounts balanced, and the past no longer exists."

She returned to the corpse, and in turn leaned over it as Gregory had done. The terrible wound welled with blood, and the ground around was stained with crimson. The Countess dipped her fingers into the flowing stream, and shook drops over the livid face of Paul, murmuring in a deep tone:

"You, who made of me what I am, be cursed even after death!"

She arose to her feet. A sombre flame illuminated her countenance.

"Let us go!" said she.

And, without casting a glance backwards, she resumed with Gregory the road to town.

An hour after sunset, Paul, if it be possible thus to call so disloyal a combat—the two accompanying Gregory, paid their bill and packed their trunks, quitted Hombourg, to the great despair of the hotel-proprietor, who reckoned upon the marvelous beauty of the Countess Lodanoff and the cavalier manner in which the Count raided the bank, to attract custom to his establishment as a living and double lure.

The warm hours of the day had passed away. The sun had descended to the horizon, and half buried his fiery globe in the Avenue of clouds glittering in purple and gold. No person had passed since morning through the cross-cut where lay the inanimate body, his face turned heavenward, his eyes open and his arms crossed.

Words dropped by Gregory may have apprised my readers that, beyond the green verdure of a dense wood, could be seen, or rather imagined, the roofs of a country-seat and the inclosure of a great garden. This house, very simple, still elegant in its simplicity, was composed of a main edifice of two stories, surrounded by a vast quadrangle of outbuildings, interspersed with beds of scarlet-colored, fragrant flowers, and in front of the habitation and extending to the cross-cut erected a wall pierced with two openings—one closed by a gate, the other by a small door. Behind this was a garden, or rather a small park, planted with trees of well advanced in growth, and supplied with those thousand-and-one embellishments to be found in the gardens of the wealthy villa-owners of the environs of Paris—grottos of artificial rocks, blocks, model cottages, fountains and [illegible]

[illegible] about Rhyl [illegible]
[illegible] and taste [illegible]
[illegible] upperness of [illegible]
[illegible] ing, but her regular features [illegible]
[illegible] able expression of goodness and [illegible]
[illegible] Her dress was of [illegible] garden-bonnet upon her head. She turned towards the interior of the house, and while buttoning her gloves, called out a little sharply, but by no means impatiently:

"Alice, my child, come, then. It is already late—dinner is near at hand—our promenade will be too short. Alice, my darling, hurry!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AUTOR'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS WILES.

Oh, when in summer-time and prime
You look for him in Union square,
Intending to shake his hand,
He said you back that borrowed dime
You last saw him in Delaware,
Where he is now I know not, sir,
He is not there.

You visit all his favorite haunts,
To which he used to resort,
Yet, alas! you find no trace of him,
Some big statesman's country-seat,
Explore the Lakes and the Rhine—
He is not there.

If to his boarding-house you go,
The mistress turns a stare,
You're looking for your friend? Just so—
And you want to see him with all speed.
Remarking, with an injured air,
He is not there.

You find some others who would fain
Discover him be well and free;
Has going caused his tailor pain,
And yet he owes a little bill,
For the other he left in his wash woman's care,
Though you are sure
He is not there.

Bet odd it is that a chap like Brown,
Who used to live in Union Square,
Who goes to seed whenever in town,
Should be so fond of Delaware,
To a country-seat in Delaware,
Or anywhere!

If Brown were rich, to yourself you say,
Or could borrow money from any one,
Or could pay his tailor pay,
Would he be in Delaware?
In the city's heat and dust and glare,
Though you are sure
He is not there.

But odd it is that a chap like Brown,
Who used to live in Union Square,
Who goes to seed whenever in town,
Should be so fond of Delaware,
To a country-seat in Delaware,
Or anywhere!

A DUAL LIFE.

A DEBUTANTE'S LEGACY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Decidedly a success. There is a grace, a dash of spirit, about this fair young debutante I have not seen since the days of Fanny Kemble's when Mrs. Bowtham graced the Old Drury."

"Lout, man, je're a regular wrangler. Dinna ye mind Kemble's Lady Macbeth? Yon wheelwright she wer bock again; tho', of course, there na chiel o' mon, nae, nae, nae, like Fanny o' oot Old Mary's wood's stock."

And the speakers were ten minutes in which Mlle. Lucette was lost sight of amid booming eulogies upon her wonderful talents, and orbits she created the dramatic firmament of which the great Scotch manager was the central sun.

The gentlemen in question, which of the past centuries did this brilliant galaxy of talent appear? Nowhere, perhaps, more than among Scots.

During the laugh which follows this sally, and the consequent explanation, let us briefly describe the interlocutors.

Messrs. Adams and Fleming were merchants, the one to the manor born, the other a scion of "Auld Reekie." Prolonged business intercourse and similarity of tastes had created a warm friendship between them. Stalwart in physique, they bore well the burden of three-score-and-five with which Time had thus far favored them, and their warm hearts had escaped the chilling icicles and cares of imbecile old age. On their way down to "Change they had together dropped into the greenroom of the American to felicitate the manager upon the success of the previous night.

The third was a young Florentine exile, who was fast winning public favor as a lingual instructor.

"Pray, friend Kirklings," asked Mr. Adams, "where did you find that talented young lady who seconded Mirdoch last night? It is a most difficult part for a novice, but she made it a splendid success."

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The Italian was known to a rapidly widening circle as Professor Sylvani. Lucette had mingled devoted the word, and called him Mr. Silver. He observed the error, and resolved to let it pass.

He was a man of liberal education, had read much, traveled some, and was a finest and charming conversationalist. He had studied much, and possessed an art of setting forth from a very retentive memory things both old and new, and adapting them to his audiences and surroundings. Something of a visionary, he dreamed of a dual life—quiet, retired home, devoted over by an accomplished wife; a scholarly, refined, and intuitive companion, whereon the gladiatorial world he worth. Lucette would glorify the one with her lovely presence for Silver, and, as a traveling professor for the Bolognarian Institute would serve as the pedestal for Polpo Pall's coming triumphs, and the season works on, bringing ever fresh laurels to the peerless one, and bringing fame to the erudite Professor, and brief, delicious moments of joy, snatched, as from the short intervals of a busy life to the humble scholarly. Manager Cupid had entered the scene in opposition to the man at his side, and won of course. Lucette loved with the ardor of a pure woman's first affection; Philip loved as a living and double lure.

The warm hours of the day had passed away. The sun had descended to the horizon, and half buried his fiery globe in the Avenue of clouds glittering in purple and gold. No person had passed since morning through the cross-cut where lay the inanimate body, his face turned heavenward, his eyes open and his arms crossed.

Words dropped by Gregory may have apprised my readers that, beyond the green verdure of a dense wood, could be seen, or rather imagined, the roofs of a country-seat and the inclosure of a great garden. This house, very simple, still elegant in its simplicity, was composed of a main edifice of two stories, surrounded by a vast quadrangle of outbuildings, interspersed with beds of scarlet-colored, fragrant flowers, and in front of the habitation and extending to the cross-cut erected a wall pierced with two openings—one closed by a gate, the other by a small door. Behind this was a garden, or rather a small park, planted with trees of well advanced in growth, and supplied with those thousand-and-one embellishments to be found in the gardens of the wealthy villa-owners of the environs of Paris—grottos of artificial rocks, blocks, model cottages, fountains and [illegible]

DAN SHELBY, MANAGER AND ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN.

FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SEE PAGE 156.

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[illegible] about Rhyl [illegible]
[illegible] and taste [illegible]
[illegible] upperness of [illegible]
[illegible] ing, but her regular features [illegible]
[illegible] able expression of goodness and [illegible]
[illegible] Her dress was of [illegible] garden-bonnet upon her head. She turned towards the interior of the house, and while buttoning her gloves, called out a little sharply, but by no means impatiently:

"Alice, my child, come, then. It is already late—dinner is near at hand—our promenade will be too short. Alice, my darling, hurry!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE AUTOR'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS WILES.

Oh, when in summer-time and prime
You look for him in Union square,
Intending to shake his hand,
He said you back that borrowed dime
You last saw him in Delaware,
Where he is now I know not, sir,
He is not there.

You visit all his favorite haunts,
To which he used to resort,
Yet, alas! you find no trace of him,
Some big statesman's country-seat,
Explore the Lakes and the Rhine—
He is not there.

If to his boarding-house you go,
The mistress turns a stare,
You're looking for your friend? Just so—
And you want to see him with all speed.
Remarking, with an injured air,
He is not there.

You find some others who would fain
Discover him be well and free;
Has going caused his tailor pain,
And yet he owes a little bill,
For the other he left in his wash woman's care,
Though you are sure
He is not there.

Bet odd it is that a chap like Brown,
Who used to live in Union Square,
Who goes to seed whenever in town,
Should be so fond of Delaware,
To a country-seat in Delaware,
Or anywhere!

If Brown were rich, to yourself you say,
Or could borrow money from any one,
Or could pay his tailor pay,
Would he be in Delaware?
In the city's heat and dust and glare,
Though you are sure
He is not there.

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To a country-seat in Delaware,
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A DUAL LIFE.

A DEBUTANTE'S LEGACY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Decidedly a success. There is a grace, a dash of spirit, about this fair young debutante I have not seen since the days of Fanny Kemble's when Mrs. Bowtham graced the Old Drury."

"Lout, man, je're a regular wrangler. Dinna ye mind Kemble's Lady Macbeth? Yon wheelwright she wer bock again; tho', of course, there na chiel o' mon, nae, nae, nae, like Fanny o' oot Old Mary's wood's stock."

And the speakers were ten minutes in which Mlle. Lucette was lost sight of amid booming eulogies upon her wonderful talents, and orbits she created the dramatic firmament of which the great Scotch manager was the central sun.

The gentlemen in question, which of the past centuries did this brilliant galaxy of talent appear? Nowhere, perhaps, more than among Scots.

During the laugh which follows this sally, and the consequent explanation, let us briefly describe the interlocutors.

Messrs. Adams and Fleming were merchants, the one to the manor born, the other a scion of "Auld Reekie." Prolonged business intercourse and similarity of tastes had created a warm friendship between them. Stalwart in physique, they bore well the burden of three-score-and-five with which Time had thus far favored them, and their warm hearts had escaped the chilling icicles and cares of imbecile old age. On their way down to "Change they had together dropped into the greenroom of the American to felicitate the manager upon the success of the previous night.

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"Pray, friend Kirklings," asked Mr. Adams, "where did you find that talented young lady who seconded Mirdoch last night? It is a most difficult part for a novice, but she made it a splendid success."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For Queries to Correspondents, see page 146, "Practical Points."]

THE QUESTION THAT DO NOT REACH US UPTO THE MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED THEN, BUT FOLLOWING WEEK.

A.—It loses because of his acknowledgment that A's deuce beat him. He put his hand and said he in condition that A showed deuces. He made no mistake—the first was to decide on A's word by doubting that he held three deuces when he said he held only a pair, and the second committed in signing anything adverse to A's hand. The proper way to play poker after a hand is over and done, and not talk about what it might be, is to say that he holds but deuces when he bets, and if called with his worst aces, beats the caller. The special rule permitting him to intimate his own hand is to prevent the possibility of a player being so ill-bred as to bet that he opens the pot, and then, and in consequence, he is not good.

W. W. Philadelphia.—Your answer to "R. H. C., Camden," in last week's paper, is correct. Mr. Beecher dictated this question, which we give in full: "If Bets C. that a man in the United States of America, claiming any State as residence, cannot vote for the President of the United States." Such a claim, if made, would be President of the United States, whether he claims to be a citizen of any other State as a residence, or not, for no person can vote even in Pennsylvania twice for President. Nobody Pennsylvania and a resident of any other State can vote for a candidate for President in Pennsylvania. Nobody can vote for a candidate for President in Pennsylvania and United States.

Subscriber, Cincinnati.—We should have to consult the files of CLIPPER covers many years. We have no time to do that. Besides, any of these questions that are asked may be those papers have so stated, and possibly he has seen so stated in some other paper. We may have the item of data, but that would not justify us in deciding in favor. The statement may be true, and yet be a mistake, or be garbled or wholly manufactured. The papers quoted have should be accessible and it is a great deal more on her side than on the other side. Should The Sun or any other State as a resident, and yet be entitled to a vote even in Pennsylvania twice? Nobody Pennsylvania and a resident of any other State can vote for a candidate for President in Pennsylvania. Nobody can vote for a candidate for President in the United States.

Subscriber, Boston.—Would

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE.

Aug. 3, 5, 7, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston.
Aug. 3, 5, 7, Providence vs. Cleveland, at Providence.
Aug. 3, 5, 7, Hartford vs. Buffalo, at Hartford.
Aug. 3, 5, 6, Troy vs. Cincinnati, at Troy.
Aug. 3, 5, 7, Cincinnati vs. Chicago.

OTHER GAMES.

Aug. 2, Dubuque vs. Lotta Reds, at Dubuque.
Aug. 4, National vs. Buffalo, at Springfield.
Aug. 4, National vs. Hartfords, at Hartford.
Aug. 7, Dunnigan vs. Polytechnic, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
Aug. 9, Excelsior vs. Commercial, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
Aug. 9, Lafayette, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn.
Aug. 7, Athletic vs. Knickerbocker, at San Francisco.
Aug. 7, Athletic vs. Alpha, at San Francisco.
Aug. 9, National vs. Rochester, at Troy (Lansing).

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Last Saturday we gave in Table No. 1 League averages for the third month of the season, and it will be seen that the Providence nine made a good showing during the week, and that they now lead the Troy nine by a little more than a point, while they lost ground with the Chicago nine, as it is only by such a comparison that we can note the improvement made in the game each year. Four clubs now in the arena had taken a place in the field in 1878 and 1879, viz., the Boston, Providence, Chicago, and Cincinnati, and seven of the clubs now having taken place in the field during the years of 1879, the Syracuse team of last year being replaced by the Worcesters of 1880. The monthly averages and the four clubs first named during May, June and July for 1878, 1879, and 1880 is as follows:

	May.		June.		July.		Totals.		Games Played.
1878.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	
Boston	7	3	9	6	13	6	29	15	44
Providence	7	3	8	6	13	6	28	15	43
Chicago	8	2	8	6	12	7	28	15	43
Cincinnati	5	5	8	6	12	7	25	18	43
1879.									
Providence	10	0	9	3	10	8	29	16	50
Boston	7	3	7	5	11	6	25	14	39
Chicago	6	4	7	5	11	6	24	15	39
Cincinnati	4	6	7	5	11	6	22	17	39
1880.									
Chicago	7	2	10	2	11	3	28	7	35
Providence	5	1	8	4	12	3	25	8	33
Boston	5	3	7	4	11	4	23	11	34
Cincinnati	3	11	3	10	8	12	14	33	47

The record for the three months for 1880 is as follows:

	May.		June.		July.		Totals.	
	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.	W.	L.
Chicago	7	2	10	2	11	3	28	7
Providence	7	3	8	6	10	8	25	17
Boston	7	3	9	6	13	6	29	15
Worcester	1	1	2	2	4	2	7	5
Troy	8	2	9	3	12	3	29	8
Buffalo	4	4	7	5	10	6	21	15
Cincinnati	3	11	3	10	8	12	14	33
Syracuse	3	11	6	10	12	12	21	33

By reference to these tables it will be seen that Chicago has led in the race for the month of May in three out of the four years, and yet in two of these three seasons they fell off so badly in the latter part of the season that in 1879 they lost 16, with a lead of 26 on Boston's 34 at the end of July, they ended the season with Providence 29 and Boston 28, with a lead of 24 to Providence's 29 at the end of July, the Providence team closed the season with a lead of 17 games over Chicago, Chicago July with a lead of 41 to Cleveland's 25, the latter club having lost 16 games in the last month of the season. The falling-off of Cincinnati since 1878 is seen at a glance, as they stood at Boston in 1878 and 1879, and the marked improvement in her record. But Cleveland takes the cake in falling off, for from a position in July of the first year, they went to Boston has fallen off, as also the Providence, since 1879.

The following table of averages for the season of the clubs being given in the order of their position:

	W.	L.	Per Ct.	Games Played.	Home Games.	Home Games Won.	Home Games Lost.	Home Games Tied.	Home Games Lost by Forfeit.	Home Games Won by Forfeit.	Home Games Played.	Home Games Won.	Home Games Lost.	Home Games Tied.	Home Games Lost by Forfeit.	Home Games Won by Forfeit.
Chicago	28	7	.800	35	17	14	3	0	0	0	18	14	4	0	0	0
Cleveland	25	8	.758	33	16	13	3	0	0	0	17	12	5	0	0	0
Providence	25	17	.595	42	21	14	7	0	0	0	21	11	10	0	0	0
Worcester	7	5	.583	12	6	4	2	0	0	0	6	3	3	0	0	0
Troy	29	8	.783	37	18	14	4	0	0	0	19	15	4	0	0	0
Buffalo	21	15	.583	36	18	11	7	0	0	0	18	10	8	0	0	0
Cincinnati	14	33	.298	47	23	11	12	0	0	0	24	12	12	0	0	0
Syracuse	21	33	.389	54	27	12	15	0	0	0	27	9	18	0	0	0

	Games Won by Home Team.	Games Won by Visiting Team.	Total Number of Games Won.	Games Lost by Home Team.	Games Lost by Visiting Team.	Total Number of Games Lost.	Games Tied.	Total Number of Games Played.
Chicago	28	0	28	7	0	7	0	35
Cleveland	25	0	25	8	0	8	0	33
Providence	25	0	25	17	0	17	0	42
Worcester	7	0	7	5	0	5	0	12
Troy	29	0	29	8	0	8	0	37
Buffalo	21	0	21	15	0	15	0	36
Cincinnati	14	0	14	33	0	33	0	47
Syracuse	21	0	21	33	0	33	0	54

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The games in the Park on Saturday, July 31, were rather dreary as poor holding contests are called—the Nassaus defeated the Lafayettes, 7 to 3, and the Excelsiors defeated the Polytechnics, 8 to 4. Seventeen games have been played in the Park, and the Nassaus have won 12 and lost 5 games, and have a lead of two games over the Lafayettes, who have played 16 games, and have won 10 and lost 6 games. The Stars had the better of it until the sixth inning, when the game stood 3 to 3, and it was a close game until the eighth inning, when the Nassaus made a handling the ball for 4 runs, which gave them the game. The following is the score:

Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stars	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	Stars	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stars	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

The Excelsior and Polytechnic game was a very close game, and the Polytechnics had the game in their hands, but they allowed the Excelsiors to get in their work on the last half of the ninth inning, when the Excelsiors made 4 runs, and four more, and the game was consequently decided, to the Polytechnics' disgust, for the first time was retained throughout, good hits and errors by both sides being made, and the game was over then to cross the plate. The Bostons secured their pick in a game with the Mutuals on Saturday, on the Boston's grounds, and added another run on Burdock's two-bagger, which gave the Bostons the game by a score of one tallyhi. Bandom attempted to make a home-run on a hit over Lowe's head, but the ball was thrown home in time to put at the home-plate. Both pitchers were hard hitters, and the game was decided by good fielding on the part of the Bostons, and a handling the ball freely, Bandom being hit hard.

Bostons	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	Mutuals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bostons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Mutuals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bostons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Mutuals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bostons	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Mutuals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Chicago	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Worcester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Worcester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Troy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Troy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Commercials	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	Excelsiors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Excelsiors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Commercials	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Polytechnic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Polytechnic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Polytechnic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Excelsiors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Games lost	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	Games lost	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

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Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Worcester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Worcester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Troy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Troy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Commercials	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	Excelsiors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Excelsiors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Commercials	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Polytechnic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Polytechnic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Polytechnic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Excelsiors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Lafayettes	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	Nassaus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Games lost	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	Games lost	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 148.

AT THE NATIONAL (formerly New National) the performances are progressing rapidly. As THE CLIPPER described these at length several months ago, we need only refer to the present. There is no truth in the statement in the local papers that Lawrence Monroe has engaged four plays. The local press is also at fault in stating that a new drop-curtain is being painted for the house by Wm. J. Fetters. It is being painted by E. H. Chase.

THE METROPOLITAN is a favorite in Philadelphia, described at length in these columns last season. It is now being fitted up for the season. It occupies a portion of the lobby to the left on you enter.

SPRAGUE AND DUNN, who is summering at his home in Philadelphia, will be John A. Stevens' principal support in the Lotta Reds, which is a monopoly interest in another combination.

"Dyonisia," Gen. Harry Hill's New York Amphitheatre (formerly the Siege of Paris building), which was burned on the stage of the house, will be presented Aug. 2 and thereafter, for the balance of the season, by a Spectacular Company, lar four-act drama called "Dyonisia, a Fairy Tale," written by C. Woodbury Dodge, a talented artist, with original music by Ferd. Von Oker, scenery by Mr. Doble and George P. Evans, costumes by Mlle. Dumont, and the ballets by Mlle. George Luther, and James Sanford ballet-master. The title is taken from a number of hundred performers in the cast, but those given a line on the bills are Mlle. Dumont, Mlle. Luther, Miss Howard, John Watson, John Ready, Sam. E. Ryan, George Murray, Jos. Sullivan, Jos. Ryan, Master Ryan, Master Andie Rathbone, Susie Summerfield, Maggie Summerfield, Gertie Gory and Nelly Gory.

MAY LIVINGSTON, late of the Tourists, joins Rice's "Evangeline" company at Boston Aug. 9.

LILLIE HINTON has left Philadelphia for her Summer vacation, and is now at Atlantic City, N. J. She will visit Niagara Falls and Saratoga, stop a week or two in New York on her way to Chicago, where she will come home in time to commence an engagement at Wood's Museum Sept. 6.

THE ADELPHI, Philadelphia, is the only house in Philadelphia which commences the season of 1880-1 Aug. 9, when Mr. Harry Pearson will be first given at every subsequent performance of the work.

THREE IMMENSE MIRRORS, which formerly ornamented the restaurant of the Academy of Music, near Tenth, Philadelphia, were purchased a question last week for the Chestnut-street Opera House, Philadelphia, and the other three $125 apiece.

THE MAN IN THE MOON, the well-known scenic artist, has been solicited by John A. Stevens to accept a place in his Spectacular Company at Niblo's, New York. He is considering the matter, and meanwhile studying the stage of the Grand Central Theatre with his scenery.

KITTIE LOCKE and her comedy company closed a successful Summer engagement at the Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S., July 24. Our correspondent says: "Miss Locke has decided to make a stay of the troupe that might have cost one of its prominent members, Walter Gaylord, his life. Young, 22, he in company with some friends started to row from Dartmouth, Halifax, to the

A FEW WORDS WITH A CLAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THEN—NEW YORK. SCENE—*Coney Island.*
Hail! hail! the gaudy, crowded beach!
Lodged in a sand-hole,
That know'st as little of this world so brave,
As the blind land-mole.

How dost thou pass the time between the tides,
Secluded snail?
Dost thou ever peep out from thy sea-shelter,
Like a hermit crab?

Open and shut must be a weary game—
Know'st thou no other?
Has no molluscous sister, daughter, dame,
Or cousin, dear?

Dost smile contained when the waves roll in?
When merry, blubber?
Canst stay thy tongue, and drink a pawn or grin,
Old Sinbad-rubber?

And in the lull of storm, crest covered up by cooks
In plates and dishes?
Thy tribe is well represented in Long Branch
As large for fishes.

Not so for thee, not much shall be thy fate,
Bullet, I pot,
Hide thou free! The coming tide await—
Then, bivalve, go off!

ESTELLE,

OR THE LOVE OF A SOUL.

A STORY OF THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ROBERT H. ROSS.

CHAPTER IV.—DRIVEN TO BAY.

A week or two passed, during which time the opera and the prima-donna increased daily in popularity. The public went wild over Estelle. Such a furor over a singer is seldom seen, even in Italy or Paris, and comes to about once in a lifetime, if not once or twice in a century. Yet what happiness did her success bring to her? Only misery. She grew pale and haggard-looking. It seemed to her that she was a born queen, and ought to be queen. The public, indeed, had made her their idol; but the man her heart had chosen, and whose praise she valued more than the news of the world, had suddenly grown cold and distant towards her. She seldom saw Lord Cravers now, and he had ceased instead of showing his former pleased and cordial manner, he treated her as he would a very ordinary acquaintance.

Her burden was indeed a hard one to bear. The manager had advanced her salary to an amount which several months previous she would have considered too great a dream of as foolish; but it was swallowed up before it was done by the man with the dark, handsome, evil face, whose evil destiny forced her to call husband. Day after day he became more impudent in his demands, and always in the calm, sarcastic way that her most vehement burst of passion seldom lasted for an instant, until she felt that, if the extortion did not cease, she would go mad.

"I cannot endure it any longer," she told him one day, when, returning from rehearsal as usual, she found him waiting for her at home. "I wish I would need a gold mine to keep you provided. Only yesterday I gave you a hundred pounds, and it is all gone, all lost in gambling-dens."

"What would you have me do?" he answered in his cooler tones. "It was my luck. I cannot control the caprice of Fortune, any more than that of any other woman. I called red, it should have been black—*voilà.* It was gone."

"But what am I to do?" she pleaded. "I cannot go on forever importuning the manager for money. He has already raised my salary three times! Can him supposes more surprised."

"Yes," he responded, "it must seem somewhat singular to him. However, depend upon it, he will not think the same too much, at any rate, to pay by far too good a card to run the risk of losing you."

"But have you no consideration for my feelings at all—no spark of pity in your heart? Cannot you imagine my daily humiliation? I tell you I swear it is—having the reason for which I do so speculated upon and insinuated."

"Now, *stella mia,*" he replied, "you really are too serious upon this. I do not like to be driven to the course. I have no doubt it must be hard for you to do so. Why do you not apply to some of your friends?"

"Friends!" she said, "the proposal is worthy of you; but know that from this hour I spurn you and your vile scheme. You may tell Lord Cravers. I will go to him, I will tell him my story, and I will tell him I love him, and will become his mistress if he will protect me from your accusations. I will tell him all. I will tell him the history of Paul Lemaitre, ex-duke of Orleans, gambler, swindler, the decoy of evil women to entrap young men of wealth, and the dupe of Satan, now the Russian Count Valdimir, his title bought by the money he stole from the young Italian prince of the blood. You look surprised at my knowledge of the facts, you see I know everything, but tell him the story of how you worked upon the romantic sympathies of a girl of fourteen, then a pupil in the convent of St. Cecilia, and induced her to elope with you. I will hold nothing back. He is a man, he has honor, and, knowing all, he will not only become his mistress, but his mistress, if he will rescue me from the hell I live in, and miscreant that you are."

She paused, quite exhausted by the intensity of her passion. The man waited a moment or two before he answered:

"Very well, then, prepared to perjure yourself. You know that I can prove that I adopted the name of my ancestors, and that I can easily coloring a few facts to suit myself; that I tell him that, when I met you, I was a poor boy, a student of Paris, where chastity even in childhood is a thing unknown; that, struck by the beauty of the child I placed you in the care of the Sisters of St. Cecelia; you I grew up, innocent as the lily you made you my wife, only the teaching and habits of your previous child not to be eradicated; that you now you have more than one lover in secret. Suppose I do so, and, in order to prove it, I call on my witness challenge you to prove you are my wife."

She caught at the last suggestion eagerly, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"Then I am not lawfully your wife?"

"You are not, madam, and I did not say so, only said I could prove either at my pleasure, if you in charge can you are prepared."

"I defy you, then! I will swear the marriage was only a form."

"Very, then, prepared to perjure yourself. You know that I can prove that I know I was an ordained priest who performed the ceremony. You know as well as you live that you are my wife."

Her head drooped on her breast, her hands fell to her side in utter despair.

"Yes, God help me, I do!" she wailed.

"You do not, my dear, but I will try to quarrel. Estelle," he went on, after a pause and in a softer tone than he had yet used, "this is not very reasonable, and let us work together. I give you my word, I will not be cruel to you in any other way, I hear you give another of your elegant little suppers to-night. It is too bad to part husband and wife as we are yet, and I shall, myself, present as invited guest. Till then *au revoir, ma belle.*"

He smoothed leisurely from the room as he made the last words, whistling an air from the opera as he walk. Estelle remained where he had left her, buried in thought. For more than half an hour she still sat without moving, when she suddenly started as last she rose with a look of determination upon her face. She went to her desk, began to write rapidly. She felt that she could endure this unceasing persecution no longer—that it must cease or her reason go. She had written a desperate note, long lingering in her mind, had at last assumed definite shape and taken possession of her.

CHAPTER V.—THE SUPPER.

The same night as the interview recorded in the previous chapter the opera was produced as usual, and as usual received enthusiastic applause. The prima-donna excelled herself. People mentioning it afterwards said she was inspired.

The piece over, Estelle was driven home, where a few words to Dodges was required. She looked forward to the supper with a sort of dreary pleasure. Everything had ceased giving her any happiness under the weight of her secret. If she had not at first looked forward to it with any expectation of relief, hope was dead, and she had in her knowledge that the man who was tracking her to despair was to be present at the supper. Only her resolution she had formed supported her. She still had a part to play, and she must either play or die.

When she reached her house she descended to the drawing-room she found that her guests had the most part arrived. Among the first arrivals had been the Count Valdimir, the handsome and executive villain though he might be, he had a certain admiration of manner that was irresistible when he so chose. To-night he had evidently exerted himself to the utmost, for he was a very fine gentleman indeed to the good opinions of all present.

The supper went off with the success for which Estelle's little entertainments were always proverbial. Dodge's celebrity. While no word was uttered that could offend, or cast a cloud upon merriment, it was all air of unrestraint and freedom about it. Nearly everyone from the mere matter-of-form and idly dignified parties that Estelle invited, which choices to set up as the pattern of social enjoyment. Not that the supper was boisterous or noisy, as before, strictly limited to the dramatic profession, and, therefore, the majority were actors, actresses or connected with the press, almost every disagreeable feature of such a gathering was avoided. Of three or four professional ladies, there were a Scandinavian prima-donna, a celebrated composer, a rising young poet, and more than one having whose name, although not graced by the definite of the Royal Academy yet, was well known to the public. With such a judicious mixture it was impossible that the conversation could be dull; and if there was a good deal of "shop" talked, there was at least sufficient variety to save it from becoming wearisome.

"I'd give six-bows here to finish my new story," the novelist, warming with the horizes' generous wine, thought to say. "I have filled two volumes with the agonies of an impossibly virtuous wife tormented by a villainous husband, and am at a wind-still without the slightest idea of bringing them with a fit of remorse overpowering the villain, and, then, the happy ending supply afterwards, or make the woman turn like a crushed worm, and, after doing something desperate, die at last to his persuasions. Finette consented to my end and kiss her repentant. Her husband, indeed, I could, without offence, not propose, and an hour or more had passed in fruitless endeavors to find one. Then I spoke myself to summon the aid of a policeman and have the door broken."

Then the secret of the silence was revealed. Upon the table lay a number of wonderful works of genius, the mistress was in neither the boudoir or the drawing-room, but, the door of the main-covered lounges in the outer apartment, lay fast in the embrace of sleep, the heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DAN SHELBY,

who has furnished us with the principal features of his career, which we have given in Clipper of September 6th, Gettysburg, Pa., which was the scene of terrible slaughter. Dan Shelby, a celebrated character out of the Civil War. The subject of our sketch was then known as Daniel Shelby, but, for reasons of professional purposes he assumed the name of Shelby will be told by-and-bye. When he was two years old his parents moved to Allegheny Mountains in a one-horse wagon, and settled in Dayton, Ky., in the Indian district, having a widow and five children, or, more correctly speaking, four and a half, for Dan was not yet three months after his father's demise. During his last illness he called Daniel to his bedside and, as he gave up think of your sisters and brothers" and injunction was the last he heard from his father. Daniel was left to shift for himself. When ten years of age he got a situation on a farm for two dollars per month, and received in payment for his services buckwheat and corn. In 1848, Shelby, having was apprenticed to James Pelling, a tailor; but, not liking the business, at the expiration of the term, ran away from his mother's consent, asked for a release from his indentures, which was accorded him. At that time the Falling Spring, in Dayton, was about being completed. Daniel obtained a situation, and, with his brother, Jonathan, bell rung in that hotel after it was opened to the public. The proprietor was a man by the well-known minstrel troupe, including Sam Wells, Billy Birch, Young Dan Emmett, Frank Brower, Master Marks (a Mr. Carroll), Johnny Adams, Dick Moore and others. In return for gaining some acquaintance with the troupe, Dan was allowed, for carrying Billy Birch's stage-shirt and big collar from the hotel to the theatre, a free pass to the show, the witnessing of which behavior of the troupe so shocked the young Presbyterian, that he resolved with the desire to become a minstrel, and, at the first opportunity, made the venture. He wandered as far as New Orleans, Ky., and, finding no chance to get into the minstrel stage, joined a circus company, and after a short sojourn went to Richmond, Ind., where he joined an amateur minstrel company, which was composed of two professionals—George Williams, a jig-dancer, Burnham, a tambourine-player, and Dan Emmett, since given in a town near by—Paris—in 1843, by Dr. Stanley, who, with his wife, played the tambourine-and-jig duets. From this starting-point he worked his way into prominence in the minstrel line, and, successively in companies of note until 1856. During his early career he joined a company under the management of Mr. Carle, Mr. under the management of Joe Kelly, banjoist, who used to take "Tom" Rarey, the horse-tamer, well upon a poster, and I will call you Dan Shelby." Dan was a tall, fine-looking man, and, as I said, by him ever since. In 1859 he was engaged as comedian in the company of Charles Fitch, and his son, Mr. Sam Ryan being the manager. Among the company were Harry Pell, Frank Lake, Sam Ryan, Thomas Wm. Hayward, Wm. Dunham, Jim Fitch, Johnny Corcoran, and J. V. Chadwick. Dan Shelby, in the course of his theatrical life, belonged to the companies of hotel minstrels, during the seasons of 1860 and 1861, and subsequently joined Bryant's Minstrels, at the Opera-house, organization. Mr. Shelby first played on the Bowery, in Mr. Wood's Minstrels, Cincinnati, O., going thence to Trimbite's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa.; to Jacob Beltzer's, Detroit, Mich.; and, finally, to Wood's Museum, Broadway, in this city. The following Summer he traveled with Yankee Robinson's Circus, in the Fall he fulfilled an engagement with Robert Butler at Bowers' Opera-house, in this city, and, next to Detroit, Mich., having been the first performer engaged by Charles Fitch on his becoming a manager. After fulfilling a number of engagements in Western Illinois, having Chicago, and playing another Summer with Yankee Robinson's Circus, he returned to this city, and, after a season at Wallack's Theatre, for his circuit, in Chattanooga, Tenn., Knoxville and Nashville, Tenn., and, in the Spring, he proposed chiefly of soldiers under Gen. Thomas' command, he joined Bryant's Minstrels, succeeding Dan Shelby's Minstrels on the road for the first time, and, in the following Spring, Dan and Dick Eddie Fox was the leader of the orchestra, and among the company were Billy Birch, Dick Sands, and Kelly and Leon, clog-dancers. The career of the troupe was brief, and terminated just before the commencement of the Summer, Dan Shelby then accepted a season's engagement at Wallack's Theatre, Washington, D. C., where he opened in a sketch called "The Three Sons." It was then that it was played nearly the entire season. In the Summer of 1862 he joined the Cincinnati Wild's Circus, and in the Fall and Winter he managed the Athenæum, Columbus, O., for Dan Gearing, and, in the Spring of 1863, following Spring, copartnership with Charles B. Reynolds, he started a minstrel troupe, which, after a run of two consecutive weeks, the treasury became so depleted that the company had to disband in Terre Haute, Indiana. He was next engaged to manage Sunday concerts at Wallack's Theatre (110, Sabbath Day Wile, and the first attraction he presented—Ella La Rose, a young lady who was a Hibernian Minstrel, that some eight thousand persons subscribed, owing to a misunderstanding between the proprietor and Mr. Shelby, the concerts were stopped, but a number of the horse-railroads running to the Park, which the Sabbath Day concerts, the Sabbath Day Wile, named resigned the management after the following Sunday, and took that of the Bowery Theatre.

Dan Shelby, Esq., now resides in Philadelphia, Pa., and, in the time of their starting from Chicago, Ill., three other companies of Wild's Circus, viz., the one with Arlington's Minstrels, Sharpley & Cotton's Juvenile Troupe, and the Ethiopian Troupe, joined Fred Wilson's Minstrels in their opening, at Wallack's Theatre, Washington, D. C., Deggle's Theatre for a season. He next embarked in business, and, in partnership with Mr. Shelby, he opened a Minstrel Theatre on Bowery, in this city, and, after a short sojourn, the Adelphi for nearly ten years, and in all kinds of business connected with theatrical management and honest. He has refused to cater to degraded tastes, and, in the management of the Adelphi, he was at least a fair career among so blind the novelty stage of the Bowery, and, in

HAMILTON—	First Inning.												
Wolverton, rem out									2	Park, run out			
A. Hope, b Lynch									1	Harvey b Bergen			
Hyman c Lynch									2	Powell, c Bergen, b Sprague			
Hopkins, l b w, b Lynch									4	Park, run out			
Sprague c Bingham b									0	Extras			
Lynch									0	Total			119
Kennedy c sub. b Lynch									17				
Second Inning.—Hamilton—Wolverton, not out, 2; A. Hope, not out, 0. Total									2				

FALLS OF WICKETS.—Hamilton, 1st Inning—5, 12, 14, 17, 22, 32, 34, 47, 47, 49—49. Second Inning—0, 2. Total, 51.

Hamilton	6	9	4	6	7	6	6	2	0	1	0	1	1
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13

BASEBALL.

NATIONAL vs. CHICAGO.

The Nationals by superior batting defeated the Chicagos in a remarkable contest of twelve innings at Springfield, Mass., July 26, in the presence of about 1,000 people. Poorman pitched and Kelly caught for the Chicagos, while Corcoran played centre field and Gore was laid off. Safe hits by Baker, Lynch and McClellan earned a run for the Nationals in the fifth inning, and the Chicagos tied the score in the seventh, when they made their only run on Pfeffer's two-bagger, a passed ball and a sacrifice-hit. The Nationals should have won in the sixth inning but for a seemingly deliberate throw of foul play on the part of one of the Chicagos, and the last man, by the way, whom one would suspect of such conduct. Baker had made his third safe hit, stole second, and in attempting to score on Lynch's sacrifice-fly was, it is alleged, purposely prevented from doing so by Williamson, who held him on third base, and this palpable obstruction of a base-runner was allowed to pass unnoticed by the umpire on the plea that he "didn't see it." Were only parallel case that we know of was in an Athletic-Boston game some seasons ago, when a player prevented Barnes from making the winning run. The Nationals, however, made the winning run in the twelfth inning on Powell's two-bager to right field, followed by Snyder's hit over Corcoran's head, bringing Powell home amid great excitement. Baker's batting and the splendid pitching and catching of Lynch and Snyder were the features.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NATIONAL	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dalt'nson, l f	5	0	2	1	0	0	McClellan, s s	5	0	2	1	3	1
Kelly, c	5	0	0	8	1	0	Baker, 1 b	5	1	1	9	0	0
Williamson, 2 b	5	0	1	1	3	0	Snyder, 3 b	5	0	2	1	2	0
Anson, 1 b	5	0	1	9	0	0	Powell, l f	5	1	1	1	0	0
Jones, c f	5	0	0	1	0	0	Farrell, 2 b	5	0	1	2	3	0
Force, s s	5	0	0	1	3	1	Powell, rf	5	1	1	10	0	0
Corcoran, c f	5	0	0	1	0	0	Bakley, c	5	1	1	8	0	0
Pfeffer, 3 b	5	1	1	1	2	0	Poorman, p	5	0	1	0	4	0
Quest, rf	5	0	1	1	0	0	Lynch, c	5	0	1	8	1	0
Totals	45	1	8	35	16	4	Totals	45	7	12	36	12	2

Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
National	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2

Earned runs—National, 1. Two-base hits—Gorman, Farrell, Snyder, Burns, Powell. Three-base hits—Powell. Passed balls—Kelly, 2; Lynch, 1. Wild pitches—National, 3; Chicago, 4. Struck out—Chicago, 12; National, 3. Balls called—Chicago, 47; National, 41. Called—Lynch, 20; Poorman, 17. Double-play—Pfeffer and Anson. Passed ball—Snyder. Umpire, Clapp of the Cincinnatis. Time, 2h. 8m.

CLEVELAND vs. BOSTON.

The seventh game between the above-named clubs was played on July 27 at Boston, Mass., and attracted about five hundred people. The game in dispute settled the question of victory in favor of the Clevelands, and also ended the run-getting. The Clevelands went first to the bat, and by five safe hits, including a two-bagger by Hanlon, earned four runs, and a number of by Foley enabled them to add another run. James O'Rourke got first base on called balls, and Jones followed with a safe hit, he being enabled to score runs for the Bostons by Carver's two-bager and two wild pitches. In the fourth inning, Richmond, while trying to make three bases on his long hit, collided with Moseley, and thus lost the Bostons a chance of making another run. Three of the Clevelands were caught napping at first base. Richmond made the best batting for the Bostons, he making a safe hit each time he went to the bat, including two two-bagers, one a lucky second-base play and Trott's catching were the strong points of the Boston skipper's team.

CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaffer, c	5	1	1	4	0	0	Carver, c f	5	1	2	1	0	0
Shafer, r f	4	1	2	0	0	0	Jacobs, 2 b	4	1	0	2	1	0
Hanlon, c f	4	1	2	1	0	0	Richmond, s s	4	1	2	1	3	0
Hanlon, 1 b	4	1	1	1	0	0	Jones, 1 b	4	0	0	3	0	0
Beatty, 3 b	4	0	1	1	2	0	Burdock, p	4	0	0	0	3	0
Foley, l f	4	1	1	2	0	0	Morrill, l f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Gerhardt, 1 b	4	0	0	9	0	0	Wright, r f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fowler, 2 b	4	0	1	2	4	0	Bond, c	3	0	0	1	0	0
Bradley, p	4	0	1	0	2	0	Trott, 3 b	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	37	5	11	21	14	0	Totals	35	3	7	12	9	0

Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3

Earned runs—Cleveland, 4. Two-base hits—Carver, Shaffer, Richmond (2). First base on balls—James O'Rourke, Morrill. First base on errors—Cleveland, 2. Struck out—Cleveland, 6; Boston, 4. Balls called—Cleveland, 91; Boston, 94. Wild pitches—Bradley, 4; Bond, 4. Double-play—Cleveland, 1. Wild pitch—Burdock, 2. Umpire—Mr. Snow, of Providence.

The Bostons and Clevelands again met on the match ground July 28, the game being the best of three game was reversed and the visitors were twisted. A change was made in the pitcher's box within the field and in the batting order, and it seemed to work well. Sutton was substituted in his old position at third base, while James O'Rourke took Foley's place in right field. Bradley pitched, and but two safe hits were made off him, both in the eighth inning. The Bostons batched two of their lily-of-the-valleys, Burdock and Jones, in succession, the latter three being the result of Glasscock's throw and Shafer's muffed fly. Foley opened the game for nearly half an hour in the 2d inning. Dunlap fielded the ball to the visitors, making an especially excellent stop of a hot one by Jones, which occurred just after the latter had scored on Orr. James O'Rourke made a splendid run-getting in the eighth inning, and Carver played remarkably well at a short-stop for the Bostons.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Schoonover, s s	5	0	0	3	3	0	Dunlap, c f	4	0	0	2	0	1
Orr, 2 b	5	0	0	2	4	0	Glasscock, s s	4	0	0	1	4	1
Jones, l f	5	1	1	1	0	0	Orr, 2 b	4	0	0	2	4	1
Burdock, p	5	1	1	0	4	0	Hanlon, 1 b	4	1	1	9	0	0
Carver, c	5	1	2	1	0	0	Gerhardt, 1 b	4	1	1	5	0	0
Sutton, 3 b	4	1	1	1	2	0	Phillips, l b	3	0	0	1	0	0
Richmond, s s	4	1	2	1	2	0	Shafer, r f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Morrill, l b	4	0	0	10	1	0	Morrill, l b	4	0	0	10	1	0
Wright, r f	4	0	0	0	0	0	Bradley, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Trott, c	4	0	0	7	1	0	Bond, p	3	0	0	1	0	0
Bond, p	3	0	0	1	0	0	Carver, c	3	0	0	7	1	0
Totals	44	5	8	27	17	0	Totals	37	3	2	37	12	3

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3

Earned runs—Cleveland, 4. Two-base hits—Carver, Richmond. Three-base hit—Sutton. Passed balls—Carver, 2. Wild pitches—Burdock, 2. Struck out—Cleveland, 6. Balls called—Boston, 94; Cleveland, 91. Double-play—Cleveland, 1. Umpire—Mr. Snow.

PROVIDENCE vs. CHICAGO.

The Chicagos received their first defeat by the Providence Club on July 27 at Providence, R. I., before nearly 1,000 people, whose delight at the result was unbounded. The Providence commenced the game by batting in the second inning, when singles by Burns and Corcoran, a passed ball and Hines' two-bagger, gave them a run. In the third inning, Providence took the lead in the fifth, when Dorgan set Bradley hit safely and scored on Burdock's muff and wild throw, a passed ball and Hines' two-bagger. The home-nine added another run in the sixth, Bradley had in the sixth and eighth innings, Quest being two-throwed with a wild pitch, and a wild throw gave Hines and singles by Ward, Peters, Dorgan and Hoey, yielded four more runs. The Providence pitcher gave the Chicagos their second and last run, Williamson completing the circuit of the bases on the ball was hurled, but Bradley did the best he could and was fairly supported. Bradley did the best batting, sending home three out of his four tallies.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hines, c f	4	0	0	3	0	0	Hines, c f	4	0	1	3	0	0
Burns, 2 b	4	0	1	2	3	0	Burns, 2 b	4	0	1	2	3	0
Ward, s s	4	0	1	1	2	0	Ward, s s	4	0	1	1	2	0
Peters, 3 b	4	0	1	1	1	0	Peters, 3 b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Hoey, 1 b	4	0	1	9	0	0	Hoey, 1 b	4	0	1	9	0	0
Dorgan, r f	4	1	1	1	0	0	Dorgan, r f	4	1	1	1	0	0
Bradley, p	4	3	2	0	4	0	Bradley, p	4	1	2	0	4	0
Totals	36	5	8	17	14	0	Totals	36	3	8	17	12	0

Providence	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3

Earned runs—Providence, 1. Two-base hits—Hines, Ward, Dorgan. Three-base hit—Peters. Passed balls—Providence, 3; Chicago, 4. Struck out—Hoey. Balls called—Providence, 36; Chicago, 36. Wild pitches—Bradley, 2. Umpire—Mr. Snow.

The game between these nines on July 29 at Providence, R. I., was a poorly-played one, especially on the part of the Providence team, which fell freely while Ward was very effective. The home-team commenced with two runs, Corcoran giving Burns and Farrell first on called balls, and they scored on two outs, and Hoey made a clean hit. The Chicagos made one run in the second inning on six singles by Anson and Force, the score on the fourth, Williamson rounded the bases on a wild pitch, Farrell and Dorgan made a safe hit and Corcoran failed to catch him at third. Hines again tested the third inning in the fifth, and Ward made a two-bagger, thus giving Providence the lead, which they threw back in the sixth, Gore's passed ball, two fumbles by Quest, and a wild throw. The Chicagos made two runs

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoranda, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Variety Stages.

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SONGS: "Parnell for Ireland, and what he has Done" (by Johnny Mack, comedian); "Ah, my Heartie, bo! I am the Boy" (by C. C. Berry). "Meet me the Morning Bright" (Mr. James Hearne); "The Green-clad Fields" (by Roy Leslie); "The Way They Represent us Irishmen" (by James Hearne); "The Shelah I Love in Dublin" (by James Hearne); "Ireland has her Freedom in Her Shining Mark, comrade." "When Irish Hearts are Merry."

RECITATIONS: "ROBERT EMMETT, or when next the anniversary of his execution comes, may there be no starving tenants driven from their cottage homes" (by O. R. Beers); "What I Saw and What I'd Like to Do" (by Frank Lynch). The above Songs and Recitations are copyrighted, and I warn all parties from using the same under any considerations, as I will POSITIVELY prosecute them to the full extent of the law. The Hearne Renowned Guarantee for the future. "Could be pleased to negotiate with all Variety Sid (Five Hundred and Twenty-six) Traveling Companies. All letters addressed to JAMES HEARNE, Locust Hill (Five Hundred and Twenty-six), Pa., will receive prompt attention. P. S.—Would also state I am useful in Dramas, Farces, etc. 20-1t*

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1,000 WHOLE TICKETS FOR	10,000 00

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PURSE, $4,000, DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

FIRST PRIZE, . .	$2,000
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Horse Entries limited to Six Horses Must be Led or Mounted. Separate Track for Horses. ENTRANCE-FEE, EITHER MAN OR HORSE, $50. Entries to be made on or before Aug. 21 with FRED J. ENGELHARDT, HAVERLY'S THEATRE, CHICAGO, ILL. CIRCULARS MAILED ON APPLICATION. Special information, in the East, can be had of FRED J. ENGELHARDT, City Hotel or Park Garden, Providence, R. I., until Aug. 9; or of DANIEL O'LEARY, at Mansion House or Pearl-street Rink, Buffalo, N. Y., until Aug. 15. 20-1t

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Garin."

a drama by Paul Delair, was recently first acted at the Theatre Francais, Paris. The plot was as follows: Napoleon is laid at the opening of the thirteenth century, on the eve of the battle of Bouvines, which was the first French victory, and in which the national liberty and independence rose in an hour. Ferdinand, Ferdinand was in the zenith of his power, despotism, its exactions knew no bounds, and even the Church, dismayed at the mass of barons held him in leading-strings. Delair brings us to the chateau of one of those haughty barons to whom all superiority, even that of the King, is irksome, and who is accordingly sets up a petty court of his own, binds his brow with a kind of regal coronet. He had been to the crusades, is growing old in his contempt for civilization, which is beginning to sing in the ballads of the troubadours, and repreaks haughty but rank and strong. But Baron Herbert de Sept Saulx is lonely in his old age, and, as he feels advancing years press on him, asks himself whether it is to his honoured son Aimeri of Garin he should bequeath the succession to that he has fought so hard to win and retain his title and to his heavy sword, his real blood; the latter, the blood of a man of one of those haughty who would and gentle in appearance, with a taste for "troubadouring" and poetic aspirations and ideas which would have been called revolutionary at that period if the word had been invented. Herbert's daughter Sybil, a passing fancy which Baron Herbert had conserved for one of his serfs, a violent and perpetual hatred between the two brothers, the hatred of the Saxons for the Normans, the hatred of the serfs for the barons

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